
THE
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MARY ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, R. A.

IN recording the eminence of female talent, we have ever felt the proudest satisfaction; and that feeling has been a particular inducement to us to present our fair readers with the Portraits and Biography of those who *were*, or still *are* supreme in genius, and who rank high in the annals of well-earned celebrity.

Mary Angelica Kauffman, long known as a Royal Academician, and whose admirable skill as an artist entitled her to everlasting fame, was the only daughter of John Joseph Kauffman, of Swarthemberg, and of Cleophe Lucin, of the same place: Angelica was born in Coire, the capital of the Grisons, on the 30th of October, 1740. She was the daughter of a painter, and her graphic talents evinced themselves at a very early age: her infantine fingers when scarce able to hold or guide the pencil, were continually employed in endeavours to copy prints. This inclination the delighted father fostered with all the conscious pride of a parent, and the fond enthusiasm of a painter: and so rapid was her imitative progress, that before she had attained the age of nine years, she was mistress of the contour; and she soon after began to fill the rudimental outline, first in crayons and then in oil.

We cannot, however, follow her from the early dawn of genius through its progressive course, as it would far ex-

ceed the portion we set apart for our biographical sketches; we shall merely state, that when she was between ten and eleven years of age, she was almost mistress of portrait-painting; and the strict likeness she took of the then Bishop of Como, in crayons, attracted the admiration of all the inhabitants.

At the age above-mentioned, her father had carried her to Como; and, in order more fully to expand her talents, when she was in her fourteenth year, he conducted her to Milan: here she not only saw human nature on a larger scale, but improved her extraordinary genius by frequent visits to the fine collection of pictures in the gallery of the Ducal Palace.

The death of her mother called Angelica home at the time her rising fame began to be established at Milan. She assisted her father in painting the twelve Apostles for the parish church of Swarthemberg; and the name of Angelica now became highly celebrated. She accompanied her father to Rome, in 1758, where she caught the true Italian style, giving to her figures those celestial countenances for which her paintings are remarkable; the only fault, in which (and though a very pleasing one, was nevertheless a fault) was, that they were too strictly beautiful, and too much like each other. This may seem in us a fastidious kind of criticism; but Nature, all-powerful Nature! should be the painter's guide; and we well know that it is not every face that is *correct* according to the line of beauty, and *expressive* also.

The accomplishments of Angelica Kauffman were not confined alone to painting; she employed much of her leisure in reading, and was complete mistress of four languages, the German, French, Italian, and English. In her visit to Venice, in 1764, she became acquainted with Lady Wentworth, the wife of the Ambassador, and accompanied her to England, in the year 1765. Here she was particularly distinguished and patronized by the Princess Dowager of Wales, who introduced her to her son, His late gracious Majesty, George III.

She was now at the height of her fame as an artist; more than six hundred engravings had been taken from her paintings; and she had herself engraven thirty copper-plates. In the midst of this triumph of art, her present good for-

tune and great success were preparing for her a bitter reverse. Just at this period, a character appeared in London, who, to a person of manly beauty, united the most elegant manners and noble demeanour: he gave himself out as a Swedish nobleman, and took the title of Count *Frederic de Horn*. This man conceived the nefarious design of deceiving Angelica; who (for what mortal is free from error!) giving herself up to thoughtless vanity, thought no more of her father, nor of that celebrated seat of arts, the city of Rome, which she had so ardently desired once more to behold; but credulously giving ear to all the protestations of her lover, she suffered herself to be so deluded as to consent to bestow on him her hand. It was soon afterwards discovered that this pretended Count was only an adventurer, who had been in the service of the nobleman, whose name he had usurped. Angelica was overcome by this misfortune; but her friends exerted themselves in her cause; and this marriage which she had contracted was annulled on February 10th, 1768.

Restored to her occupation, her name was inscribed, with a kind of reverential solemnity, on the list of members of the Royal Academy in London. Fortune again began to smile on her, and she had it in her power to have amassed a very considerable property.

In 1780, she married Signor Anthony Zucchi, an eminent Venetian painter, who had long resided in England; his name was respectable as an *artist*, but Angelica did not find her happiness increased by this marriage; perhaps, therefore, it was not merely from the recollection of the high fame attached to her maiden name, that she still continued after marriage to style herself Angelica Kauffman.

In the winter of 1782, she visited Venice, and her name became there as highly celebrated as in London, and still more highly honored. In 1783, she made an excursion to Naples, where she was visited by the Emperor Joseph II. who, as a mark of his respect and esteem, ordered her to paint, for the cabinet at Vienna, two pictures, leaving the size and subjects to herself.

Angelica Kauffman resided during the last years of her life at Rome. A foreigner there once asked her to paint

for him a picture, the composition of which was not of the most delicate nature: at first, she refused; but at length she represented, at his earnest entreaty, a beautiful nymph, surprised at the moment when she is about to dress herself, and who is hastily covering herself with a long white veil. This picture, in the contemplation of which the most scrupulous modesty could not be alarmed, was universally admired, and added greatly to the already brilliant fame of the lovely artist.

In 1795, Angelica lost her husband, and, for some time, she experienced a continued series of misfortunes: she used at that period of her life to say, that she had two great consolations remaining: first, she thanked Heaven for having left her the use of both her hands; and secondly, that she had always lived abstemiously even in plenty, and that she should not then forget it.

When Mr. Zucchi died, his wife, Angelica, was in her fifty-second year; and was bowed down with public and private distress. A barbarous hostility had been exercised against her as an artist, under the paltry pretext that some of her unfinished pictures were *English property*.

Angelica Kauffman, after calmly using her exertions in the sublime art of her profession, and never losing her celebrity, though litigation on the part of others injured her fortune, expired at Rome, on the 5th of November, 1807, aged sixty-seven years and six days. Her figure was well proportioned, and of a middle size; her face was a Grecian oval, and she was what the Turks, when they wish to express the fire and animation of an eye, denominate "star-eyed;" an eye, full, quick, bright, and intelligent. In her youth, her countenance much resembled, when she looked down, those visages which she placed on her Madonnas, her angels, and her children; while in her very advanced age, her look was cheerful and prepossessing. Her character was truly pious and moral; and in her art she was an enthusiast.

MARRIAGE;

A TALE.

Thou fiend, Ingratitude! to thee
All lesser evils bend;
Thou potent shaft of destiny,
Where will thy poisons end?

ROBINSON.

AGNES did not offer to disturb him, but no tear relieved the bursting of her heart, and, almost lifeless, she awaited his return to composure. At length he exclaimed, "Agnes, do not despise me; though I appear weak, my spirit is yet firm; I may feel like a child, but I can act like a man.—But to what cause am I indebted for this visit? Surely no light one has brought you here?" Agnes hesitated. "If evidence you require, yes, Agnes! soon may we shake off the trammels of dishonour, and abjure for ever the authors of our wrongs. Fool that I was to be so deceived: but may Heaven's vengeance pursue——" "Hold, hold! I implore you," cried Agnes, catching his outstretched arm, "think on whom you would implore vengeance. Guilty as they are, oh! remember the claims they have yet upon us, and rather let the cry of retribution subside into a prayer for repentance in them—for power to forgive in us." "Never, never!" fiercely ejaculated Sir William; "if to soften me by the artful representations of that monster of perfidy, you are come hither in the vain hope of saving him from the infamy he has incurred, much as I respect you, Agnes, much, indeed, as I feel for you, I must declare, that I will not listen to another word; and you must excuse me if I instantly retire."

"Stay, I beseech you," cried Agnes; "I am not come from my husband; neither has he, nor any other human being, a knowledge of my visit. I have, indeed, seen De Courcy, but it was almost momentary; and he is now gone, perhaps, for ever; I own, however, that I am come in the hope of deterring you from seeking that redress at which my heart recoils, but which I know too well is your due. Sir William! I plead not for the guilty; I palliate not the offence;

but think on whom you would hurl destruction—think on what they once were, and, oh! shudder at what they may be. Sir William, you have loved; you have known what it is to cherish a being in your inmost soul, whose name it has seemed almost sacrilege to breathe even on the altar of affection; and can you hold that being up to scorn? Shall that name so dear, so sacred, be profaned by the contempt of the vulgar, by the jest of the reveller, or the scoff of the sensualist? Shall the tale of guilt descend, in all its horrid particulars, from the mansions of the great, where so lately she was the pride and envy of all, to the cottage of the poor, whose comforts may have been purchased by her bounty; or who, perhaps, may only hear her name through her crime, and thus learn to condemn rank in the recital of its culpability? Oh! think of this, and, lost as they are, still let affection plead, and delicacy conceal what she cannot pardon. Nay, listen to me," she again urged, with a look of supplication that checked his reply, "what recompense will the avowal of this infamy procure you?"

"Freedom at least—a chance of future happiness, and—"

"And can you plight upon the altar of betrayed affection the vows of future love? Can hearts be thus torn asunder, and affection thus transferred?"

"What!" cried Sir William, "will not you avail yourself of the only satisfaction left, and spurn the wretch who could thus abuse you?"

"Never," replied Agnes, firmly, her beautiful, but pale countenance lighting up with the glow of determined virtue, "never! I have sworn to be his, and no earthly power shall break the vow that makes us one. I have courage to follow him through danger, sickness, or death; but I have not the temerity to annul an oath, which angels heard, and which Heaven itself has recorded."

"But, Agnes!" said Sir William, evidently affected, "you have children; they bind you to him, and comfort is still open to you—their society——"

"Will not be mine. I leave them," cried she, with a sudden burst of grief; "I have consented to resign my babes for my husband."

Sir William looked at her with an expression of mingled surprise and admiration, and his voice betrayed the emotions

that again shook him. "Still," said he, "they are your's, and they ultimately may be restored to you. They may yet cheer your declining years, and smooth the bed of death; but who shall comfort me? Cut off from every hope that renders life desirable, an unconnected, solitary being, no child shall comfort me; no tender hand shall sooth my bed of sickness, nor close my failing eyes. The torture of remembrance of what might have been mine, shall load my memory, and every infantine smile shall be a dagger to my breast; amidst friends I shall be alone, and amidst riches I shall be poor; the earth will be a desert, and Heaven itself will be incomplete without her, who once was a heaven to me." Tears again forced themselves down his manly cheek, and contending emotions for a time suspended his utterance. "Do not wrongs like these," continued he, in a burst of renewed indignation, "cry aloud for vengeance? and am I not justified in wreaking it where it is due?"

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay," said the Holy One, in whose presence you pronounced the unalterable vow, that nought but death should part you."

"That Being Himself releases me," returned Sir William.

"Not by command, but by permission. He would not shut the gates of mercy on his creatures; but when he empowered man to punish the aggressor, he left it to his mercy to forgive the penitent."

"This may hold good with your sex," replied Sir William, "but not with our's. Woman derives no disgrace from still attaching herself to her guilty partner; but man must stigmatise himself with equal infamy, when he receives a faithless consort to his bosom."

"I know," said Agnes, "that honor has been given to guard your sex against the weakness of affection; but though it be disgrace to receive, it cannot be to pardon. I am well aware, that the best interests of society require that the punishment should fall with double weight on the head of the female delinquent, since the consequences of her crime are not confined to herself alone; and I feel that she who has forfeited her claim to public respect, must expect to rise no more in the estimation of the world. I plead not against justice, against necessity, nor yet against the severity of the laws that my reason venerates and approves; but I appeal only

to your heart, and ask you, if it love as mine has done, whether you can consent to expose to the worst scorn the being, however degraded, who was once your delight, and drive her not only to present ignominy, but, perhaps, to future ruin."

"Agnes," said Sir William, to what am I to attribute your anxiety for the wretched Georgiana? Is it only an excuse to screen a guilty husband, that you thus play upon my affections, or can you really feel for her who has so cruelly injured you?"

"To save him who is dearest to me in the world from disgrace," returned Agnes, "must, of course, awake all the energies of my heart; but do you suppose that it is possible for me *not* to feel for her whom sad conviction tells me, owes all her shame and misery to my unhappy husband? Can I be indifferent to the woes he has wrought, or forget that, but for him, she might have been blessed as—I have been? Resentment has no part in the agonizing sensations that wring my soul. Weakness in her does not excuse vice in him, nor can I find relief in ascribing her boasted virtues to hypocrisy, nor his infidelity to the blandishments of artful passion. Both are guilty; and when I would extenuate the offence of one, I lay an additional charge of criminality on the other, which conscience condemns as injustice in myself. Both now reap the bitter fruits of their errors, and bow under the lash of punishment: both then share my pity, my prayers, and—my forgiveness."

"Is there then such goodness in woman?" cried Sir William, regarding her with unutterable respect. "Oh! base, perfidious man, of what hast thou deprived me! Doubly hast thou been the destroyer of my hopes! Yes, Agnes," said he, turning to her, "you were once the cherished idol of my heart; but, for his sake, I resigned all pretensions to your love, though what that sacrifice cost it would avail me little now to repeat." "If ever then you loved me," cried Agnes, instantly catching at his words, and with increased earnestness, "if ever my happiness was dear to you, recall for one moment the recollection, and pardon the husband on whom my life depends! Oh! pardon the unhappy Georgiana, and lay not the heavy burthen on his soul of having deprived her of every earthly comfort, and, perhaps, of every heavenly hope. Behold me, Sir William," she continued,

sinking on her knee before him; "can you refuse the suit of her who thus lowly prays for *her* husband, for *your* wife. Crush, I beseech you, the guilty tale, and though banished from your love and from your presence, still bid the penitent live, and when for mercy you implore yourself, may Heaven accord the boon, and Georgiana's crime be Desmond's glory."

"Agnes," cried Sir William, in the utmost agitation, and extending his hand to raise her, "what would you do? rise, I entreat you."

"Not till you answer me," she returned; "speak then, oh! say, do I kneel in vain,—or will you grant me my request?"

"This is more that I can bear," he exclaimed, while the violence of his emotions almost convulsed his frame; he struggled with himself an instant, then raising her up, he articulated with difficulty, "Be it as you wish: henceforth I will brood in silence over my misery, or implore the friendly covert of the grave to hide my sorrows, my wrongs. Farewell, best of women, a happier fate than mine attend you. Think sometimes of the wretched Desmond, and pity him, whose only hope—is death!"

He darted from the apartment; and Agnes dissolved in tears, remained many minutes ere she could recover sufficient command of her feelings to order her carriage; at length summoning her attendants, she took her departure with a heart wounded indeed severely by the scene she had just witnessed, but exulting in the good deed she had accomplished, and grateful for the success that had attended her exertions.

(To be continued.)

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

POPE.

NOTHING can be more true, nor altogether more strange, than that learning, (unless, indeed, we are able to distinguish it from pedantry, a task which would involve us in an almost endless difficulty) possesses a power of infatuating its disciples in a manner scarcely to be accounted for. Mr. Pope felt the force of this idea when he wrote the above lines, and acted under a similar impression through life; for although not an illiterate man, he was far from what is, in the general acceptance of the word, termed a learned one. However, he possessed that sense which taught him to appreciate true literature, and to despise those who had acquired, as it were, "a skin deep" knowledge of the classics. This made him exceedingly cautious in his writings, since he was well aware of the danger of handling a subject of which he was not a complete master, knowing at the same time the bitter irony and ready sarcasm of his contemporaries.

In the present era, every youth, no matter what rank he may be destined to fill in society, is early initiated in the mysteries of the classics, and, somewhat in the way of the Delphic Oracle, is hurried on by the blind stupidity of an infatuated scholiast, who over anxious to gain every particle of, misnamed, literature, generally overreaches the point, and drives the pupil through a labyrinth, and causes him to wade through folio upon folio. Thus, what cannot be obtained by gentle means is attempted by coercive principles, and the formal master oftentimes turns the produce of the sacred grove to a very prophane purpose. The result is doubtless anticipated; the pupil enters on the world in the language of the poet—

Expert at *Latin*, more expert at *law*.

This may in some degree account for the egregious classical blunders daily committed in various Magazines (by the

way, an almost boundless list) which are the offsprings of this learned age. There are some who conceive that an essay preceded by a fine sounding Latin quotation, enhances the value of the production, resting rather on the power and force, and oftener on the name, of the *author cited*, than on their own *merit*. This may be considered by many a modest excuse; it suits well the crippled writers of the present day, who follow this system, and obtain either the title of men of liberal education, or pedants. The first by those who, like themselves, do not comprehend the meaning, and the latter by those who have superior sense and see through the flimsy ostentation.

December 9th, 1820.

R. B—p.

The above strongly reminds us of the following dialogue, which we are told took place between the late Editor of a certain Magazine and the compositor:

Com. Sir, will you be so good as to tell me how this Latin word is spelt?

Ed. Latin word! how I detest Latin words. The English language is good enough surely for English readers; but every blockhead who can construe a sentence, fancies he cannot do better than hang out these signposts of knowledge, as I suppose he considers them. For my own part, a composition with a Latin motto added to it, to wind up the previous nonsense, always reminds me of a dog with a canister tied to his tail; they are just as much out of their place.

Com. But, sir, the word—are these letters æ œ——”

Ed. I neither know nor care. I have not my spectacles, and can't see.

Com. Very well, sir, then I will make this letter a *monk** and that a *friar**, and no one will see through them, then, I'm sure.

Ed. Good, very good. (*Exit. Com.*) That's a wise fellow. If he does not know Latin, he knows what's a great deal better—he knows how to hide his own ignorance.

* Terms used by printers for imperfect letters.

HUGH DODDS.

I HAVE always thought that my father, although destined to act in the mean capacity of a village tailor, is possessed of a mind in many degrees superior to his profession. In this opinion I am supported by his native villagers. From his natural shrewdness, acute observation, and extensive reading, they have for many years given him the appellation of the village Solon; and his forcible and easy eloquence on subjects discussed at their debating club, has oftener than once gained him the distinguished compliment, that Nature intended him for a barrister. Added to these qualities and acquirements, he has an ambition which is strong enough to manifest itself on all necessary occasions: and it has seldom been displayed with greater vigour than in the liberal education and professions he has bestowed upon his children. Although his business had never been so great as to afford him the means of acquiring a fortune, he determined, though it should afflict his table with many a day of "frugal bash," and occasionally with total Lent, that his eldest son should be a clergyman, his second a physician, and I, his third, and youngest, an attorney.

Accordingly, after having finished a course of English arithmetic and Latin, at a country school, where I had the honour of standing king of my class, and being reckoned by the old governor a boy of some abilities, I was bound apprentice to the only lawyer in the village, and I had no great reason to be discontented under his jurisdiction. It is true, that owing to my father's inability to pay him an apprentice fee, I felt a little hurt by being obliged, instead of receiving any pecuniary reward for my labours, to accept of my victuals in his kitchen with the servants; and likewise, by having one day overheard a brother apprentice call me a poor tailor's son; but as a compensation for the first degradation, I knew that I always got the head of the table and the carving of the mutton, was reckoned the best in the company, and was the only one there who was addressed by the title of Sir; and as a compensation for the last, I had

the felicity of thinking that my insulter was a booby when at school, and that in his profession he had less share than I in the confidence of our mutual master.

On the expiration of the term in my indentures, my father, who was resolved to spare no pains to render me perfect in the knowledge of the law, judged that I might be benefited by acting for a twelvemonth or two as a clerk in some respectable writing chambers in London; and, in order to ensure me in such a situation, he made interest with our curate, who had a seventh cousin, a lawyer of some eminence in the metropolis, and with one of the magistrates, a cloth merchant, who had a brother a head clerk in Abingdon-street, to favour me with recommendatory letters, to their respective relatives. Loaded with sufficiency of good wishes, advices to be frugal and attentive, and charges to write frequently to the country giving information of my success, I left my native village, deficient in nothing, as I thought, excepting one thing, but which one thing, I am now inclined to think, is every thing: it was that which some men, pretending to be great-minded, despise, but which I am inclined to think few despise, but those who are situated with it as the fox was with the sour grapes—money.

Keeping in remembrance the advice of my father for improving the time, I had no sooner reached the metropolis, than I made enquiry after the attorney, and I was introduced to him dressed in his morning gown, and almost immured in papers. I had prepared myself to meet in him all those forbidding qualities which I had been accustomed to couple with the idea of lawyers, the tall, slender, thin form—the sallow face—the high-cheek bone—the long, sharp nose—the stern, contracted brow—the dark, cold, selfish, and falcon eye—the bustling, business-like manner—and the short, disheartening answer. I found, however, that he was a complete exception to the general picture, and that he coincided more narrowly with my conceptions of Thomson's little, round, fat, oily, roguish, twinkling-eyed clergyman, than any person I had before seen.

As he read his relation's letter, a smile of good-nature diffused itself over his face. 'This I could not avoid thinking a favorable omen. "Now Hugh Dodds," said I to myself, "thou art a fortunate fellow; thou hast gained thy wish at

thy first leap. He needs thy services; I see it from his looks. He is a gentleman, and would disdain to think of hiring thee for a paltry salary. Ha! thou hast many happy days to spend in the chambers of old Jacob Tonson."

After finishing the letter, he turned to me with the same continued expression of countenance, and said, "Well, Mr. Dodds, thou bearest a good character; and let me tell thee, my young lad, a good character, is at any time a good thing; characters are good in proportion to the worth of those that give them. My friend, curate Jeremy, I have always looked upon as a man supereminently excellent; thy character, therefore, must be one of the best that can be given, and as such, a good-enough passport along with thy old master's certificate in thy favour for admitting thee into my chambers, or into any where thy offices may be requisite; but I cannot express my sorrow sufficiently, when I am obliged to say, that as there is not a single vacancy among my clerkships, I shall for the present be deterred from having the pleasure of engaging you. A vacancy will take place, however, in the course of six months, and if then you are unprovided, it is probable that we may agree; I hope, however, you will have no occasion to remain idle till then; and I shall just now give you a letter to an attorney, an acquaintance of mine, who may, perhaps, be able to employ you.

He then wrote the letter, which he delivered to me, after having extracted a promise that I should dine with him on the ensuing Saturday. I left him both well pleased and disappointed—well pleased at his kind treatment, and disappointed at my unlucky fate.

His friend was a contrast to him, and possessed every lineament of the first-drawn picture. "Young man," said he, peevishly, after having read Tonson's card, "let me tell you, as a true friend, that you have chosen one of the worst professions in the Universe. We attorneys swarm as thick as herrings on the western coasts of North Britain; we only differ from them in this, that we are constantly on the increase, but they are kept pretty near their old numbers by the intervention of the fishermen's nets. I have seen the time when death had the practice of pruning the excrescences of the law, like those of other professions, but now

he seems to have forgone his old custom completely. Whether he means to grant lawyers a charter of immunity from his former taxation, or whether he has found the skins of the present race so bronzed and indurated, as to baffle the edge of his darts, and to make them reverberate upon himself, and on that account given up, as an unproductive labour, the further molesting them, I shall not pretend to determine; but to come to an end (for speaking cannot meliorate the matter), I must assure you, that, instead of finding it necessary to multiply the number of my clerks, I mean to discharge four out of six of them in the beginning of next month; and had I at this day a dozen sons, I should think myself the most culpable of men did I educate one of them to the profession of his father."

I felt more and more damped at this second rebuff; but as I had still another patron, I was resolved to shew more of the hero than to sink under either the first or second calamity. Three, I had heard my father say, was either a very fortunate or unfortunate number, and I thought it proper to retain, till thrice rejected, some hopes that fate had not been so malicious as to level all its artillery against me.

The clerk was to be found neither at his office in Abingdon-street, nor at his room; but the mistress of his lodgings informed me, that if I would take the fourth turning to the right, then the fifth to the left, then the second to the right again, and then go to the head of the narrow street that would face me, I should scarcely fail to see him at the sign of the Old Horse, over a pint of porter, with one or other of his comrades. Her prophecy was correct; I found him in a side box, with other two, sitting over three pints of the much esteemed Henry Meux and Co.'s entire. They were joined in a Scotch drinking song, which has been much sung in England; and as I entered the room, they were sounding that truly Bacchanalian line, "When the house is rinning round about, it's time enough to flit." At this their voices ran so loud and so enthusiastically, as to warrant me in my opinion, that the singers implicitly assented to the justness of the assertion. Without interrupting their conviviality, I waited patiently in a corner of the room till their song was at an end, and then delivering my letter to the clerk, whose face I had not seen since I was eight years of age, but which, from a large, brown mark, shaped like a

mouse upon his left cheek, I soon recognized. I was welcomed with the warmest cordiality, and introduced to his associates, who occupied in business the same station with himself. "Hugh," said my patron, shaking me by the hand, and ordering the waiter to produce another pint of porter, "you are a native of my native village, and I love every inhabitant of that place as a brother. It is said, that charity begins at home; but, as my companions here present know, I have a mind which scorns that niggardly maxim, and I feel no check of conscience in saying, that, however good my lot may be, I should derive pleasure in putting you, were I able, in one as lucrative; but this coat now getting threadbare—this tankard of porter placed before me, where wine formerly used to stand—this soiled shirt which has already been worn for a week—and this brown hat, which was once black, are witnesses—witnesses, alas! of too great probity—that Alexander Twaites is 'fall'n, fall'n, fall'n from his former estate?' For fifteen years, I have submitted to follow the mean and packhorse office of an attorney's clerk; and, as Erskine's old Scottish Emigrant exclaims, when thinking on his sons, 'that they left the wars with no marks of honour but their wounds,' I may say, that I leave the office of Mr. Collins, in Abingdon-street, without any reward for my services but poverty. I am just now behind four years' accounts with my clothier, three with my hatter, and with some of my other furnishers nearly the same; the chimney of my room is totally disfigured with chalk strokes, indicating the arrears of room-rent; my lodging mistress is become insolent, and never answers the bell till half-an-hour after it is rung. Yesterday I was obliged to go out in the morning with my shoes unbrushed; and I never come home in the evening, but the first prospect that meets me on opening my chamber-door is the craving letters of my creditors covering the table, as white and almost as thick as a two-hours shower of moderately pelting snow. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, I this day hired myself for a twelvemonth as ploughman to a farmer, near Oxford; and I feel sincere sorrow when I am obliged to state, that this is the last evening I shall ever have the pleasure of presiding over a pint of Meux and Co.'s, or over this dearly beloved and much respected company, at the sign of the Old Horse."

(To be continued.)

REMORSE;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 8.)

THE above-mentioned incident, though trivial in itself, first sowed the seeds of discontent and mistrust in the mind of Sir Arthur; and he began now seriously to regret that he had, for temporary gratification, forfeited the far more valuable enjoyment of conscious rectitude and self-approbation. That Emmeline was not happy, he felt painfully convinced, and he even persuaded himself that her ardent affection for himself was on the decline; for he judged of her feelings by his own, and so judging, required no other monitor than the voice of conscience to whisper the unpleasant truth that love cannot be permanent without mutual respect. Various other causes of discontent also arose to blight his prospects: his household had become dissipated and unmanageable; Lady De Clifford had, in one or two cases, ventured to assume the tone of authority, but the pert answers of the female domestics, and the insolent sneers of the men, soon intimidated her, and forced her to be silent. Constant changes only aggravated the evil, for information spread from one to the other, and remarks more than once found their way to her ear, that "mistresses should be very correct in their own conduct before they were so severe upon others," and that "they only followed the example set them by their superiors."

Harrassed and mortified on all sides, Emmeline rejoiced when the meeting of Parliament obliged Sir Arthur to remove his family to town; she had there a certainty of being countenanced by some, if not by all, of her former connexions, and as the romantic visions of love and domestic retirement had vanished, almost as soon as formed, she determined to enter upon the gaieties of a town life with avidity, and drown the small, still voice of self-accusation in the buzz of admiration which she expected her appearance in the gay world would excite. De Clifford, pleased with any thing likely to afford relief to the monotony which had lately proved so

irksome, listened to her arguments and resolutions with apparent pleasure; and for a few weeks after their return to the metropolis, the experiment seemed to answer their expectations. For some time Emmeline fluttered amidst the gay throng with renovated spirits and a light heart; De Clifford proud of her personal attractions, and the notice she every where excited, felt highly gratified; but when the novelty began to wear off, and reflection once more resumed her sway, he began to feel a thousand apprehensions that his lady was in reality as happy as she appeared to be, and not insensible to the strains of adulation which were breathed in her ear by the men of gallantry who constantly surrounded her. Jealous recriminations and petulant remonstrances frequently embittered the few hours they passed together; and Emmeline discovered with extreme regret, that De Clifford possessed an irritability of temper which could not fail to render them both unhappy under any circumstances; still she strove to stifle the regret which this discovery excited, and endeavour to preserve an air of cheerfulness and content, while her heart was secretly torn with anguish and remorse.

An unexpected occurrence, however, soon overthrew all her resolution, and reduced her to a state of the most pitiable despondency. One evening, at a large and fashionable party, where she had as usual exerted herself to appear gay and animated, and had excited a more than ordinary share of admiration, she had thrown herself fatigued and exhausted on a sofa on a recess, part of which was already occupied by two ladies, who, deeply engaged in conversation, did not immediately notice her vicinity to them. Emmeline could not avoid hearing what passed, had she been so inclined, but the repetition of her own name rendered her more attentive to their discourse than she would otherwise have been. "I understood that Mr. Devereux was expected," said the eldest lady to her companion; "I have not seen him for several years. Poor man! I should think trouble has altered him for the worse; he was a very fine man when I knew him." "Yes," replied the other, "he was good looking enough, though rather of too serious a cast; and at first he took his misfortune very much to heart, and secluded himself almost entirely from society; but that

was very foolish, for such things are common enough now: but it is on account of his daughter's illness that he stays away this evening; they say she is the picture of her mother, and that he idolizes her—I understand that the physicians gave her over this morning.” “Poor dear,” returned the first speaker, “she will be removed in time from a world of wickedness and temptation. Surely her mother must be dead to all feeling to be dancing here.” A faint shriek from Lady De Clifford now interrupted their discourse, and attracted their attention towards her, and the confusion they must have felt at finding they had been overheard by her, gave way to concern for its effect. Emmeline shocked and overpowered, had sunk senseless at their feet; a crowd soon gathered round her, among whom was Sir Arthur, who lifting her into his arms, bore her into the open air. She recovered only from her swoon to relapse into hysterics of a most alarming nature, while Sir Arthur, distracted and alarmed, knew not to what cause he should attribute her extraordinary indisposition. “Leave me, leave me, Arthur!” was her first exclamation, when she recovered the use of her faculties; “I entreat you will let me pass a few hours in solitude. I will tell you my reasons when I feel sufficient strength for conversation.” Surprised and hurt at a request for which he was at a loss to guess the cause, Sir Arthur withdrew, while his lady remained a prey to the most agonizing self-reproach. One secretly cherished wish was now uppermost in her thoughts, and in the distraction of the moment, she cherished a scheme which, with the dawn of day, she hastened to put into execution. Pretending an inclination to sleep, she dismissed her woman, and when satisfied that all was still in the house, she hastily arrayed herself in her plainest dress, and with a deep veil thrown over her face, repaired to the residence of Devereux, where, ringing the servants’ bell, she enquired for Mrs. Mortimer, the housekeeper. She was shewn into her apartment, and in a few minutes, the person she sought made her appearance. Emmeline addressed her with a faltering voice, and could only articulate, “Does she live?” when Mrs. Mortimer uttering an exclamation of surprise, sunk into a chair almost as much agitated as herself.

"You know me then?" cried Emmeline, catching her hand, "you have, perhaps, been taught to despise me, yet think me not so bad as they may have represented me, I conjure you; I have still the feelings of a mother, and have thus ventured to throw myself upon your mercy—all I ask is one look, one last embrace." "You distress me, madam," said Mrs. Mortimer, hesitating: "much as I feel inclined to gratify a request so natural, I may say, so proper in you, I fear it is more than I dare to grant; my poor master scarcely leaves his daughter's bedside for an hour; should he meet you there, what would be the consequence?" "Is he then so inflexible, so unfeeling?" enquired Emmeline. "Call him any thing but unfeeling," said Mrs. Mortimer, gravely, "he has never deserved that from any one." "I know it," exclaimed Emmeline, in hurried accents, "I know his worth, now it is too late; he is generous, kind, to all—but my child—Oh! Mortimer! I must see her; beware lest a refusal on your part should drive me to desperation." "Well, well, calm your spirits a little, and I will try what I can do. Wait here, while I see how things go on above. Miss Devereux has had a better night than we expected, and the physician has hopes." "Thank heaven!" cried Emmeline, with fervour; "your words inspire me with fresh courage." After entreating her to remain quite still for a short time, Mrs. Mortimer quitted her, and repaired to the chamber of her young lady, who was in a tranquil slumber. Mr. Devereux had retired to rest, after a night of painful anxiety, and the nurse, fatigued with watching, was easily persuaded to seek an hour's repose, upon Mrs. Mortimer's promising to take her place; circumstances appearing thus favorable, the good woman hastily summoned Lady De Clifford, who followed her on tiptoe, and scarcely daring to breathe, approached the bedside, where she gazed in speechless emotion on the pallid features of her still-loved, though long-deserted child.

Meanwhile Sir Arthur had passed an anxious and restless night, and at an early hour rung his bell, and enquired of the servant whether Lady De Clifford had sent for him; in being answered in the negative, his impatience knew no bounds. "I will seek her," said he to himself, "I will learn

the cause of her sudden indisposition, of her extraordinary behaviour; something out of the common course of things must have occurred—why should she conceal it from me?" He rose hastily, and slipping on his morning-gown, sought Lady De Clifford's chamber; he knocked gently at the door, but no answer was returned; he cautiously tried the door; it was unfastened; he entered, but Emmeline was not there. The bed had not been slept in that night, and a sudden idea took possession of his mind, that Emmeline had eloped with some favoured rival. In a few moments the alarm became general; the servants were all summoned; no one had seen Lady De Clifford, but the street-door had been found unchained in the morning. Sir Arthur yielding to the natural impetuosity of his temper, uttered the most violent execrations, and ignorant whom to suspect, knew not on whom he could with propriety wreak his vengeance.

Emmeline had danced the preceding evening with a young Irish officer, named Fitzherbert; she had never appeared to greater advantage; and Sir Arthur now called to mind innumerable instances of her levity, as it now appeared to him, though he could scarcely venture to believe her so depraved, as to yield thus readily to the solicitations of one with whom she was so slightly acquainted: he determined, however, to seek the gentleman and to know whether his suspicions had just foundation. On enquiring at his lodgings, he was informed, that Captain Fitzherbert had not been home, a circumstance that gave additional weight to his suspicions; and he returned to his own house like one distracted.

(To be continued.)

DELICATE BENEFICENCE.

BONAPARTE, when Emperor of France, ordered letter-boxes to be fitted up in all the churches of Paris, where the virtuous poor, without their delicacy being wounded, could as they passed, deposit a note expressive of their wants. These boxes were only opened by the higher clergy, who were sworn to secrecy; and the wants of the parties were thus relieved without any of the humiliating circumstances of a public application.

THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

(Continued from page 16.)

A yellow Goat occasions the death of three Khans of the Tartars, and the destruction of several Cities.

AVANAS, Khan of Charasin, had three sons; but not all by the same mother. The eldest, Din-Mahamet, he had by a female slave. The mother of the other two was the daughter of a Khan, and held the first rank in the seraglio of Avanas. The Tartars call the favourite sultana of their khan, the biim. She who was Avanas's, hated Din-Mahamet excessively; and her hatred towards him increased as he grew up. This prince, who had a natural inclination for war, employed himself when very young in building little forts. He had finished one with earth and stones; he placed several of his comrades in it, and commanded others to attack the fort, promising rewards to them who should signalize themselves, and threatened with death those who were deficient in courage. The biim, who happened to be present, said to Din-Mahamet, "Do you imagine, *Tugma*, as you are, that forts are built of earth and stones." As the word *Tugma*, in the Tartarian language, signifies the son of a slave, the prince, though very young, was sensible of the affront, and was much offended; and looking at her with contempt, replied, "If you are ignorant, that it is with earth and stones that forts are made, I am not." This answer provoked the biim so greatly, that she could no longer endure him. She every day sought occasion of mortifying him: in short, she treated him so badly, that before he was nineteen years of age, he quitted his father's house, and went to Chorassan, a province in Persia, accompanied by forty youths, who resolved to go with him, and share his fortune, good or bad.

He had no sooner entered the territories of Mahamet-Gasi-Can, who was his father's neighbour, than he met a man driving nine camels and thirty sheep into the pastures of Gasi: Din-Mahamet perceiving a yellow she-goat among the sheep, desired the shepherd to let him have it, in order to supply his people with milk during their march, promising that he would take great care that it should be restored on his return; but the man refusing to let him have it, he ill-treated him, and took away from him not only the yellow-goat, but all the rest of the cattle he had in his charge, and pursued his route. This man repaired to Gasi; and related to him the treatment he had received. Gasi immediately sent some troops in pursuit of Din-Mahamet, with orders to bring him before him if they could seize him. These instructions were executed; for Din-Mahamet, not suspecting the evil which threatened him, was quite off his guard, and continued his journey with as much security as if he had been in the territories of his father. He was seized by the troops, who conducted him to Gasi; but they suffered the young men who accompanied him to make their escape. Gasi, who was brother to Avanas Khan's favourite sultana, caused young Din-Mahamet to be punished, and sent him to his father, under an escort of six men, whom he ordered to tell Avanas, that he had sent him back his *Tugma*, after correcting him for having robbed some of his people on the highway. Din-Mahamet, desirous of escaping from his guards, made from time to time a loud noise, in hopes that some of his comrades, having perchance taken that route, might hear his voice, and come to his relief; and so it happened. More than half of his friends, not daring to return to the court of Avanas, had stopped at a village through which Din-Mahamet's escort were conducting him, and knowing his voice, they followed him to an unfrequented place, and there slew his guards, buried them on the spot, and covered them over with sand. Din-Mahamet being thus set at liberty, went very quietly to his father; and finding that he knew nothing of what had happened to him while with Gasi-Khan, he told him that the latter had threatened him, but being afterwards pacified, he had sent him back again; Avanas gave credit to his son's story, and asked him

no further questions. But this young man, who was of a haughty and turbulent disposition, resolved to revenge the insults which Gasi-Khan had committed against him. For this purpose, he caused the seals of his father and of the biim his mother-in-law, who was sister of Gasi, to be counterfeited, wrote to the Khan in the name of the father, that his sister was dangerously ill, and being desirous of speaking to him, she entreated him to come and see her immediately. To this letter he added one from the biim, by which she earnestly requested her brother to give her the satisfaction of seeing him before her death: he sealed these letters with the two counterfeit seals, and gave them to a man of confidence, who carried them to Gasi.

In the mean time, he assembled the forty men who had followed him in his journey, declared to him his design, and promised them very great rewards, if they would second him. As soon as Gasi had received the two letters, he set out immediately in order to see his sister, and arrived at his brother-in-law's house one morning when the latter was gone a-hunting, and went up into his sister's apartment, and not seeing any appearance of sickness in her, he told her, he thanked God that she was so soon recovered. The biim telling him she did not understand what he meant, and that she had not been ill at all, he began to suspect, that a trick was designed to be played him; and left her, in order to satisfy himself further about it; but hearing a good deal of noise in the palace, he endeavoured to gain a little back door. As he was in the passage to it, he perceived some armed men; fear then seized him to such a degree, that he went and concealed himself in a heap of dung in a corner of a stable. Din-Mahamet, who had seen him go up to the apartment of the biim, went thither in search of him, but not finding him, he enquired of his mother-in-law's attendants what was become of him; when having learnt that he went towards the stable, he flew thither; and after a long search, he perceived a little bit of scarlet which was not covered with the dung; as soon as he was certain it was Gasi, he ran his sword quite through his body and escaped. Avanas-Khan was overwhelmed with grief, when returning from the chace, he heard this news. He sent a

courier immediately to the brother of Gasi to inform him, that he had no part in the assassination of Gasi; and that he would revenge his death in the blood of him who had slain him, though it was his own son. The brother of Gasi was not contented with this submission; he assembled his troops in order to attack Avanas-Khan. The latter, obliged to oppose an enemy who had sworn his destruction, levied troops likewise, went to meet him, came up with, defeated, and slew him, and divided his estates among his children, giving the best part to Din-Mahamet, whose crime this victory made him forget.

Avanas-Khan enjoyed his conquest some time; but he found himself at length forced to shed tears over his good fortune: he even shed his blood, and was sacrificed to the memory of the two Gasi's. The last had a son, named Umar, aged fifteen years, who, after the death of his father, went into the service of Obeit, Khan of Great Bucharia. This young man, after rendering the Khan the most signal services, intreated him to grant him troops to revenge the death of his uncle and father. Obeit, thinking this mark of gratitude his due, complied. The young Umar, at the head of a numerous army, entered the states of Avanas-Khan, put all to fire and sword, defeated those who endeavoured to oppose his progress, made Avanas prisoner, and slew him with his own hand.

Din-Mahamet, who was in a distant country, immediately raised troops and marched against the enemy. As he had but 10,000 men to oppose more than 50,000, all his friends entreated him not to undertake so rash an enterprise; but he continued advancing, without answering them; but on repeating their remonstrances, he said, "My resolution is taken; I will not change it. Even though I should go alone, I would go and attack the enemy. Heaven! my father is loaded with chains, and they would have me remain quiet! If your cowardice compels you to stop, honour obliges me to go forward. Your Khan goes to fight and to die." Ending these words, he quitted them and advanced towards the place where he knew the enemy were marching. His courage animating his soldiers, they followed him with an equal desire of fighting. He came up with the enemy, and

attacked them with such conduct and courage, that he cut them in pieces, made a prodigious number of prisoners, whom he had the generosity afterwards to set at liberty, though he had been informed of the death of his father, and was not ignorant that his murderer was amongst them. He contented himself with saying, "Your death will not restore life to my father; and it is sufficient to revenge it, by not deigning to punish you."

(To be continued.)

THE MISANTHROPE.

ABOUT forty years ago, there lived in the highest farm of Glenorchay a singular character of the name of Angus Roy Fletcher. At a distance from social life, he had his residence in the wildest and most remote parts of the lofty mountains, which separate the country of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch. The dog was his sole, though faithful attendant; the gun and dirk his constant companions. He made his livelihood by hunting and fishing. A few goats, the dog, the gun, the spear, and the dirk, a belted plaid hose and brogs, constituted the whole of his property. These were all he seemed to desire. While his goats fed among the rocks and wide-extended heath, he would range the hill and the forest in pursuit of game. He would return to his little flock in the evening, lead them to his solitary hut, milk them with his own hand; and after making a comfortable meal of what game he had caught, and of the milk of his goats, he would lay himself down to rest in the midst of them. He desired not to associate with any of his own species, either man or woman; and yet if the step of a wandering stranger happened to approach his little hut, Angus Roy was humane and hospitable to a high degree. Whatever he possessed, even to the last morsel, he would cheerfully bestow on his guest at a time too when he knew not where to purchase or procure the next meal for himself. Strange that a man, who apparently had no affection for society, should be so much disposed to exercise one of its noblest virtues!

ESSAY ON SATIRE.

THIS severe, though no less humorous commentator of the vices and follies of mankind, has of late fallen into very great disrepute. Whether it be owing to the manifest degeneracy of the present age, or to the too refined judgment and overnice distinctions of our civilians, is a question that remains to be determined.

So much is certain, that in ancient times, satire was allowed to have the merit of correcting the manners, habits, and extravagances, of the higher classes of society. Those who felt themselves stung by it, confessed its power on the human mind by a gradual return to the practice of virtue, and to the exercise of reason. Hence the satirist was held in equal admiration with the moralist, or pulpit-orator. All the admonitions and exhortations of the latter did not prove half so efficacious as the lash of the former. No wonder then that virtuous and intelligent men should have encouraged this class of authors. They were read by the public with an uncommon degree of avidity, and generally with much secret pleasure. But as satire has, in fact, a great affinity to the drama, in which the different shades and gradations of vice and folly in both sexes are personified under fictitious names, for the sake of producing a stronger effect on the audience, so the same personification which subsists in satirical writings, however diverting to the multitude, was nevertheless, excessively galling to such individuals as conceived themselves particularly pointed at; and these being chiefly persons of rank and fortune, and consequently of considerable influence and authority in the state, found means in aftertimes to revenge themselves upon the innocent satirist for what they chose to term an insolent and outrageous attack on their private and public characters. They had the meanness of prosecuting the authors of these pretended detractions for libels on them, in the courts of justice, and were followed in this practice by others as profligate and as criminal as themselves. The laws, if not literally perverted, were at least construed or twisted in their favour, and new doctrines laid down, hostile to sound reason and common sense. It was no longer safe for any forcible and spirited writer to avow his sentiments in public on the abuses of

power and the direliction of every moral principle in various departments of the state, in corporations and associations; nor to take up the scourge in order to exert the right belonging to every good and honest man, of lashing those vices and follies which are now become so fashionable, and by the allurements of example, keep propagating themselves among the middling, as well as the lower class of people, with the rapidity of wild-fire, threatening to overwhelm us in the gulf of misery and despair.

Such is the infatuation of the age we live in, that to be utterly silent would betray a pusillanimity unworthy of a truly benevolent and patriotic mind. It ought therefore to exert itself with vigour to stem the current of false opinions—to eradicate illiberal prejudices—to curb vicious inclinations—to lower overgrown pride—and to expose to deserved contempt and ridicule the votaries of the idols of despotism, avarice, and corruption. This, not forgetting the proper attic seasoning, is the province of satire, and its obvious tendency, the harmony, the happiness, and the prosperity of the nation. Why then should the satirist be confounded with the libellist, whose motives may easily be traced to the impure source of malice, vindictiveness, and self-interest, as distant from the former as Heaven is from Earth. Banish satire from the world, and you give a loose to all the bad affections that would hold it in perpetual bondage, and bring back once more the darkness of ignorance, barbarism, and superstition. Tyranny and oppression could, in that case, never be brought to a due sense of justice and humanity, nor be inspired with a salutary dread of the natural consequences of violence, fraud, and usurpation, when once the odium against the abettors thereof has possessed the popular mind. Satire alone is the proper antidote for those evils, the caustic by which the *proud flesh* of vice and folly can be removed. No monitor ever deserved the thanks of the community in a superior degree; and, whatever some squeamish men and old women may think or say, satire certainly is, and always will be, in any country where its operation suffers no restraint, the best preserver of the rights and liberties of the people, and the reformer of the manners of the great.

I. B. D.

We do not confess ourselves quite proselytes to this opinion, but it may furnish matter of reflection to our readers.

THE VISITOR.

No. I.

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

I HAVE often read in your interesting and entertaining miscellany, with much pleasure and amusement, some periodical Essays, under the titles of "The Old Woman," "The Gossiper," &c. &c. Now, sir, I believe you will find it difficult to obtain a greater gossip than myself; and for a very good reason, I have been engaged in talking ever since I was twelve months old; for at that age I spoke so very plain, that my mother, who had been married eight years without any offspring till I made my appearance, thought she could never hear enough of my prattling. I have now a fund of information, and wherever I go, I am a welcome guest. But before I impart to you the results of my frequent visitings, it is but right I should inform you who and what I am.

I am a widow of some years standing, and am descended from the ancient family of the Rambles of North Britain, the natives of this part of the world are all given to migration; but according to the old story, it is only the wise ones that do emigrate: you know the legend, no doubt; but perhaps all your numerous readers may not be acquainted with it. Well then, the Scotch try the wisdom or foolishness of their offspring, while they are yet babes, by throwing them on a thatched barn, or hut; if the child holds fast, it is wise, and they send it from home; if it lets go, it is a sign it is a fool, and they keep it in Scotland that it may not disgrace its own country in another. My mother, Mrs. Ramble, only a poor Laird's wife, stood under the thatched building with her apron held out ready to catch me; but I grasped the thatch so tight with my little hands, that my future wisdom was pronounced by a majority of voices; and at a proper age, I was sent from the North to a rich aunt, who resided

on an estate her late husband had left her in Staffordshire; and my parents soon afterwards dying, the good lady adopted me as her child; and when I drew near to woman's estate, it began to be rumoured that my aunt would certainly give me a handsome fortune, so that I had plenty of suitors; but, O dear! Lieutenant Gadabout was the man of my choice: never shall I forget the moment when he first came to recruit in our town, how bewitchingly he looked in his regimentals! such a sweet officer! so perfumed! I really believe he always at that time washed himself with lavender water; I know he used milk of roses: never mind that; his very name charmed me; for I began to be quite weary of my rigid aunt's home, and her formal manner of living; and as Lieutenant Gadabout offered me honorable marriage, I thought I could not do better than to elope with him, and become his wife.

This rash step my aunt never would forgive till the day of her death. Gadabout was soon after our marriage made a captain, and ordered abroad; and as he had nothing but his pay, he was obliged to take me with him, and I accompanied him to many a garrisoned town in the different parts of Europe. In one of those desperate engagements in Spain against the French, England lost a good soldier, notwithstanding he was such a beau in his boyish days, and I a worthy and kind husband.

I repaired to England, and obtained without difficulty my widow's pension, on producing my marriage certificate. As I could not subsist on that, I took it in my head to turn author, and wrote an account of my travels; one bookseller, after keeping my manuscript about a month, returned it me with a sneer, saying, it might do very well for a romance; but travellers always dealt in the marvellous. I took it to another, who, in a few days, returned it, saying the work was too *tame*; that a little embellishment was always allowed to travellers, and that the military anecdotes, with which the work was interspersed, could only be interesting to the parties concerned. I tried a third, determined that should be the last. A deal of trash, under the head of travels had lately, he said, been foisted on the public; but if I would take out the anecdotes, and add a few more, so as to complete a small volume, he would give me a couple of guineas for them. I now gave up all ideas of authorship; and at

a loss what to do, I called on several old friends with whom I was acquainted previous to my leaving England. Some gave me now and then a dinner on Sunday, when they had no other company; one lady gave me about once a month a cup of tea, and though she never ate any supper herself, would kindly send for sixpennyworth of pickled salmon for me, because she recollected I was very fond of it; and while she watched every mouthful I took of what would not cover a saucer, she would say, "Well, God bless your appetite! but I fear you will get no rest after such a hearty supper." To some vapourish ladies, I was a very welcome guest; and they would sometimes give me a new black gown, and a cap, and invite me when they had a party, that I might amuse them with some anecdote, and tell them about all I had seen abroad. At this interim, when I was feeding one day and starving the next, my aunt bequeathed me her pardon and blessing, before she died, with three thousand pounds. If I was welcome as a visitor before, what was I now! Cherished, overwhelmed with invitations, I have had from that time scarce one day to myself. The old ladies call me their dear friend; the young people of both sexes ask my advice, and I am beset with letters from them all: some of these letters, and some of the subjects of conversation I hear shall be imparted to you in those numbers I will occasionally send you, if I find my offer accepted by your publishing what I now transmit to you. Though I never mix with the lower classes of society, yet I am accustomed to meet with various characters. Among the parties composed of the higher orders, a trifling kind of agreeable wit is bandied about, which has in it certainly more sprightliness than science; and a young gentleman of fashion, yesterday, at the tea-party of Mrs. Friendly, amused us much by taking up a paper, and reading it across, in the manner I have subjoined.

If any such trifles are worthy a place in your Magazine, you will very shortly hear again from

Your humble servant,

GRACE GADABOUT.

CROSS-READINGS, FROM A MORNING-PAPER.

To day, there will be a levee at——admittance *half-a-
erown*.

A man was found hanging near the House of Lords—
which prevented him doing any further mischief.

The usual dress of the King of Spain is—with a halter
about his neck.

Most of the witnesses that appeared against the Queen
were in want of—ready-made shirts from Unwin's ware-
house.

The nobility and gentry are respectfully informed—that the
scarcity of money is the great cry in the city.

Yesterday morning a duel was fought in Hyde Park—after
the ceremony, the happy pair immediately set off to their
seat in the country.

Music and Dancing taught by French and Italian masters
of the first eminence—they are dangerous in a family, and
should be watched.

To prevent inconveniences to the nobility and gentry, they
are humbly requested to—pay their creditors ten shillings
in the pound.

We hear that Mr. Colman means to make considerable
improvements—in both Houses of Parliament.

Elastic wigs, on a new principle, are made by—Birch,
Pastry-cook, Cornhill.

DIFFERENCES ARISING FROM SITUATION.

AN actor at Drury-lane, or Covent-Garden theatre, is a
gentleman; but is only a poor strolling player, if obliged to
quit those houses, and perform at different country theatres,
or barns.

A first-rate Bond-street man of fashion is a most ridicu-
lous coxcomb on the Royal Exchange.

A well-dressed rich citizen at a Lord Mayor's feast is

there a respectable man; but a clumsy fellow at Almack's-rooms.

An orthodox, moral preacher at St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, is a cold, *carnal* reasoner at a Methodist chapel.

An inspired saint at a Methodist's meeting, is a bawling enthusiast every where else.

A most pleasant, jovial companion at taverns is generally a surly ill-tempered fellow in his own family.

A very good man on 'change is looked on as a very avaricious, usurious, worthless fellow at Brookes's and all the modern *hells* about St. James's.

A patriot, with those of his own party—an unprincipled, selfish declaimer, with every body besides.

A most beautiful woman of fashion at the west-end of the town—a painted doll in Ratcliffe Highway.

A man of undoubted courage in the box of a play-house, generally an arrant coward in the field.

EDWARD, THE SIXTH LORD DIGBY.

THE following interesting anecdote of this young nobleman is related by a gentleman who enjoyed his friendship, and, like all who knew him, revered and loved him. "Lord Digby came often to Parliament-street, and I could not help remarking a singular alteration in his dress and demeanour, which took place during the great festivals. At Christmas and Easter, he was more than usually grave, and then always had on an old shabby blue coat. I was led, as well as many others, to conclude that it was some affair of the heart which caused this periodical singularity. Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out; and observing him to go to St. George's Fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his lord-

ship's rank and fortune to such a place, they enquired of the turnkey if such a gentleman (describing Lord D.) had not entered the prison. "Yes, master," exclaimed the fellow with an oath, "but he is not a man; he is an angel; for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day." "Do you know who the gentleman is?" enquired the major. "We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but by his humanity and his blue coat.

One of the gentlemen could not resist the desire of making some farther enquiries relative to the occurrence from which he reaped so much satisfaction. The next time his lordship had his alms-giving coat on, he asked him what occasioned his lordship wearing that singular dress. With a smile of great sweetness, his lordship told him, that his curiosity should soon be gratified, for, as they were congenial souls, he would take him with him when he next visited the place to which that coat was adapted. One morning shortly after, his lordship accordingly requested the gentleman to accompany him on a visit to that receptacle of misery which his lordship had so often explored, to the consolation of its inhabitants. His lordship would not suffer his companion to enter the gate, lest the hideousness of the place should prove disagreeable to him; but he ordered the coachman to drive to the George Inn, in the Borough, where a dinner was ordered for the happy individuals he was about to liberate. Here the gentleman had the pleasure of seeing near thirty persons rescued from the jaws of a loathsome prison, at an inclement season of the year, being in the midst of the winter; and not only released from their confinement, but restored to their families and friends, with some provision from his lordship's bounty for their immediate support."

Lord D. went some few months after these beneficent acts to visit his estates in Ireland, where he caught a putrid fever, of which he perished in the dawn of life, November the 30th, 1757.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

MELMOTH, THE WANDERER. By MATURIN. 4 vols. 12mo.

NUMEROUS as are the faults which pervade the works of Mr. Maturin, great as is the mixture of extravagant feeling with which they are thickly interspersed, never yet was there a lover of passionate excitement that laid down one of his works unfinished, or a man of candour who could deny that Mr. Maturin is gifted with a genius original as it is powerful. Nor do we imagine that many of those who have been most accustomed to laugh at such works as "Montorio," and "Women," can, after reading them, deny that they have felt some degree of pleasure from the perusal; and that they can have heard of a new novel by the same author without feeling desirous of having their interest excited by its pages.

This new novel is called "Melmoth, the Wanderer;" and we have no hesitation in saying, that it stands unrivalled, by any of his other performances.

Faults may appear in this as in all his other works; nevertheless it will be universally read, and being read, must please; for ourselves, we must confess, that we scarcely ever perused a novel which so deeply interested our feelings, or from which we have derived so great a degree of pleasure.

The predominant feature of this novel is the horrible; and horror, indeed, seems to be the forte of Mr. Maturin; but it is horror so deeply intermixed with passionate feeling, that although we shudder; it is with the overwrought expression of indefinable emotion, and makes us wish for the time that all our life were horror.

The four volumes of this romance contain as many or more stories, unconnected with each other, except by the link of one common agent. Human misery is presented in all its varied forms, in England, Ireland, Spain, and elsewhere; and every where the moving spring of all this misery is Melmoth, the Wanderer.

This Melmoth is a strange, indefinable being, who hath dedicated a life of two centuries, and the diabolical energy of a mind endowed with superhuman powers, to the purpose of producing torture to human beings, without any profit thence derived to himself. He hath sold himself and his soul to the devil for the sake of certain privileges and immunities; but finding after a time, how incapable are human hands to direct superhuman powers, he is desirous to find some being who for the sake of his immunities will take upon himself the consequences they may produce; and for this purpose, visits every scene of human misery through the space of two centuries; but cannot, from all the woes he produces or heightens, and in which only he seems to delight, find from the love of the bride, or the tenderness of the mother, from ambition or avarice, one single being who would deliberately renounce his hopes of eternity and hurry himself to perdition.

Infinite is the genius which could conceive, and masterly the hand which could execute all and each of these tales, and we wish the limits of our time and paper would allow us to point out our conception of the particular beauties of each; with regret therefore we leave Mr. Maturin and his romance, with a confident assurance that as we have thence received great pleasure, so also will all its readers.

Mr. Maturin indeed is one of the greatest masters of romance. He can make the novel-devourer tremble, the thoughtless think, and the insensible feel,—and would he apply a little more exertion and labour, we should not while we read, have to lament, that powerful, beautiful, and divine as they are, they are not also perfect.

TALES OF TON, by MISS M'CLEOD. 4 vols. 12mo.

We have derived no small gratification from the perusal of this spirited and interesting production, which we feel no hesitation in classing far above the general run of novels. The fair authoress is evidently well acquainted with the manners and foibles of the age, and has, we feel assured, been frequently an eye-witness of the scenes she describes. The habits of fashionable life are admirably hit off, without concealment and without caricature. We can confidently

recommend the perusal of this work to our readers, convinced that they will thank us for introducing it to their notice. Having said this, we shall be excused for pointing out one or two errors, which we could wish had not appeared. The use of the active verb *lay*, instead of the neuter *lie*, is not uncommon, and renders the passages where it occurs absolute nonsense. We regret extremely the introduction of the story relating to the last moments of Sheridan, not only because it would, at all events, have been better omitted, but because his biographer has, in the most decided terms, declared it to be false. We also must advert to a slight mistake, very excusable in a lady, and would take the liberty to inform Miss M'cleod, that Brazen-Nose College is not at Cambridge, but at Oxford.

KENILWORTH: a Romance; by the Author of "*Waverly*," &c. 3 vols. 8vo.

WE have not room to notice this work at present: suffice it to say, that it is fully worthy of its author.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF KENILWORTH CASTLE, in the County of Warwick, with an engraved Plan, by MERRINGTON, being an Historical Introduction to the Readers of the new Novel, entitled "*KENILWORTH*," as well as to the Visitors of that ancient and picturesque Castle. By J. NIGHTINGALE, one of the Authors of "*The Beauties of England and Wales*," 1s. 6d.

We cannot too strongly recommend this little work to all who intend either to read the novel, or visit the castle: it will afford them at once instruction and amusement.

Speedily will be published, **AN ITINERARY OF THE RHONE**, including part of the Southern Coast of France, by John Hughes, Esq. A. M. of Oriel College, Oxford.

FLORA INDICA; or, Descriptions of Indian Plants. By the late Wm. Roxburgh, M. D. F. R. S. E. edited by Wm. Carey, M. D. vol. 1. 8vo. 18s. boards.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. By Charles Hayter, 8vo. 12s.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR JANUARY, 1821.

On Tuesday the 23d of January, Parliament assembled, and his Majesty opened the Session in person. We feel the sincerest pleasure in being able to state that during his progress to and from the House of Lords, the King was received in the most respectful and affectionate manner. One or two of the disaffected endeavoured to excite a disturbance by hissing, but their clamour was instantaneously drowned in the rapturous cheers of the assembled thousands. The following speech was delivered from the Throne, the Commons being first summoned to attend at the bar of the House.

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

“I HAVE the satisfaction of acquainting you that I continue to receive from foreign powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country.

“It will be a matter of deep regret to me, if the occurrences which have lately taken place in Italy should eventually lead to any interruption of tranquillity in that quarter; but it will in such case be my great object to secure to my people the continuance of peace.

“Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“The measures by which, in the last Session of Parliament you made provision for the expences of my civil government, and for the honour and dignity of the crown, demand my warmest acknowledgements.

“I have directed that the estimates for the current year shall be laid before you, and it is a satisfaction to me to have been enabled to make some reduction in our military establishments.

“You will observe from the accounts of the public revenue, that notwithstanding the receipts in Ireland have proved

materially deficient, in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances which have affected the commercial credit of that part of the United Kingdom, and although our foreign trade, during the early part of this time, was in a state of depression, the total revenue has, nevertheless, exceeded that of the preceding year.

"A considerable part of this increase must be ascribed to the new taxes; but in some of those branches which are the surest indications of internal wealth, the augmentation has fully realized any expectation which could have been reasonably formed of it.

"The separate provision which was made for the Queen as Princess of Wales in the year 1814, terminated with the demise of His late Majesty.

"I have, in the mean time, directed advances, as authorized by law; and it will, under present circumstances, be for you to consider, what new arrangements should be made on this subject.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have great pleasure in being able to acquaint you that a considerable improvement has taken place within the last half year in several of the most important branches of our commerce and manufactures, and that in many of the manufacturing districts, the distresses which prevailed at the commencement of the last Session of Parliament have partly abated.

"It will be my most anxious desire to concur in every measure which may be considered as calculated to advance our internal prosperity.

"I well know that, notwithstanding the agitations produced by temporary circumstances, and amidst the distress which still presses upon a large portion of my subjects, the firmest reliance may be placed upon that affectionate and loyal attachment to my person and government, of which I have recently received so many testimonies from all parts of my kingdom; and which, whilst it is most grateful to the strongest feelings of my heart, I shall ever consider as the best and surest safeguard of my throne.

"In the discharge of the important duties imposed upon you, you will, I am confident, be sensible of the indispensable

necessity of promoting and maintaining, to the utmost of your power, a due obedience to the laws, and of instilling into all classes of my subjects a respect for lawful authority, and for those established institutions, under which the country has been enabled to overcome so many difficulties, and to which, under Providence, may be ascribed our happiness and renown as a nation."

We are happy to add that this speech gave such general satisfaction to all parties, that not only was no amendment moved to the Address in either House, but even the most distinguished members of the opposition spoke warmly in its praise. A motion was made by Mr. Wetherell for the production of all Collects and Litanies from the reign of James I. to the present time, in which the names of the Queen consort has been inserted; which was opposed by Lord Castlereagh, and negatived by a majority of 260 against 169. Lord A. Hamilton gave notice of a motion respecting the insertion of the Queen's name in the Liturgy.

His Majesty has ordered a full length statue in bronze of George III. to be erected on the top of Snow Hill, Windsor Park, with his hand pointing to his favourite residence, Windsor Castle.—Prince Augustus of Brunswick, brother to the Queen, and first cousin to the King, died of an apoplexy, Dec. 10. The Court have in consequence gone into mourning, and will go out Feb. 4.

The Right Hon. C. Bragge Bathurst, is the successor to Mr. Canning, as President of the Board of Controul.

We state with regret that notice has been given to Sir Francis Burdett, that he will be called upon early in the present term to receive sentence for expressing his honest indignation at what has since been termed the Manchester Massacre.

The Italian Opera is to be opened under a committee of twelve noblemen, in the absence of Mr. Waters. Earls of Yarmouth and Fife are among the number.

Ministers have offered to the Queen the princely mansion of Harcourt-House, in Cavendish-square; which it is supposed Her Majesty will accept.

It is said that Ministers calculate on a majority of seventy at least, on the question respecting the Queen's name in the Liturgy.

It is said a handsome stone bridge is to be erected over the canal in St. James's-Park, instead of the Chinese wooden one, now pulling down.

Letters from Sierra Leone, dated the 24th of November, mention the very sickly state of that unfortunate colony; the rain, even at such an advanced period of the year, had not ceased; several of the few Europeans there had died, and others remaining were in the most miserable state imaginable.

The following is extracted from a Paris paper:—

“ Milan, Jan. 10.

Last Monday, at midnight, the English Colonel Browne, (who is charged to receive the depositions in the case of the Queen of England,) was attempted to be assassinated on leaving the theatre by two persons unknown, who inflicted six stabs with a poignard. One of them said to him, on stopping him, “ Browne, this is the last moment of your life!” Thinking him dead, they fled. The Colonel, however, was carried home, and has survived his wounds; but his professional attendants dare not answer for his recovery. The affair has produced a great sensation here.”

It is with regret we have to communicate the melancholy fate of the Abeona transport, of 328 tons, under the charge of Lieutenant Mudge, of the Royal Navy, which sailed from Greenock, in October last, with settlers for the Cape of Good Hope.—On the 25th of November, about noon, in latitude 4 degrees 30 minutes North, and longitude 25 degrees 30 minutes West, the Abeona unfortunately caught fire, and was burnt, under circumstances of the most awful and distressing nature. Out of a crew of 21 persons, and 140 emigrants, men, women, and children, making a total of 161 persons, only 49 are saved. These are happily all safe landed at Lisbon, and have subsequently sailed in the Royal Charlotte merchant brig for Greenock, except ten orphan boys, whom the gentlemen of the British Factory at Lisbon have taken under their kind protection. The fire broke out in the after store-room, whilst the chief mate was occupied in some necessary business there; and such was the awful progress of the flames, that only three small boats

could be got overboard, before the flames consumed the tackle, &c. necessary for hoisting out the long boat.

Of the emigrants, consisting in all of thirty-one men, twenty-four women, fifty-five boys, and thirty girls, only ten men, three women, sixteen boys, and six girls, were saved.



THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A NEW performer made her first appearance at this theatre on Thursday the 18th Jan. in the arduous character of Mandane, in the opera of Artaxerxes. The name of this debutante is Miss Wilson, and she is a pupil of Mr. T. Welsh, the instructor of Miss Stevens and Mr. Sinclair. The well known abilities of this gentleman, together with the success which had attended the introduction of Miss Wilson to the musical world, to whom she was already known by her performance in numerous private parties, had raised the expectations of the public to the highest pitch; and on the night of the debut, every seat in the house was occupied long previous to the rising of the curtain. The appearance of the lady was well calculated to heighten the interest which she had already excited. In person she is rather above the middle size; her figure is commanding, and her face beautiful, and singularly expressive. The timidity necessarily attendant on so trying an occasion, and which the rapturous welcome she received seemed rather to heighten than diminish, for some time prevented the full display of her extraordinary powers. But as soon as she became a little familiarized to her situation, the rich tones of her voice which burst upon the ear, electrified the house.

“Wonder sat wrapt in mute astonishment.”

As she proceeded in the part, the admiration which she excited became more and more powerful, and at length the full torrent of delight could no longer be restrained, but

burst forth in one universal shout of applause, which tired the very echo, and which fully equalled even the warmest of those enthusiastic plaudits which were wont to hail the proudest triumphs of Kean and Kemble. Almost every song was encored, and in compliance with the repeated calls of the audience, the beautiful air "Fly, soft ideas, fly," was a second time repeated. The same demand was loudly made for "The soldier tired," but ultimately the generosity of the audience conquered their eagerness, and Miss Wilson was happily relieved from the overpowering though gratifying effect of their approval. When the curtain dropped and the opera was announced for repetition on the following Saturday, words are wanting to describe the enthusiasm of the audience. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved in triumph, and the walls of Old Drury rang with acclamation.

Of the performance of Miss Wilson it is impossible to speak too highly: to particularize would be almost invidious; for where all is excellent, selection of one part can scarcely be made, without appearing to undervalue the rest. We cannot, however, refrain from observing that in our opinion "If o'er the cruel tyrant love," was her most successful effort. This beautiful air is indeed inferior in brilliancy and magnificence to "The soldier tired:" but the deficiency is amply compensated by the tone of soft melody and richly harmonized feeling, which is its most distinguishing characteristic. The exquisite taste with which Miss Wilson executed this song, and the additional grace which it received from her finished style of acting, rendered this, in our opinion, her *chef d'œuvre*. The rapidity of her transitions is astonishing. Her voice,

"Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound,"

is, we believe, in its powers unrivalled. It extends to three complete octaves from D to D; but her lower notes are less clear and distinct than her upper; and indeed distinctness of utterance appears to be the point in which she is least happy; but this is a failing which practice will easily remedy. We cannot conclude without congratulating both the manager and the public on the high acquisition which she cannot fail to prove to both.

A new tragedy, called Montelto, has also appeared at this theatre, and was successful; but our remarks have already so far exceeded our limits, that we can do no more than mention it.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

It is with great pleasure that we have to speak of the performance of a new tragedy at this theatre, which made its appearance during the last month; and which, from the interest it excites, and the characters which support that interest, is likely to vie with many of our proudest performances. It is called *Mirandola*. The tale on which it is founded is too true and well-known; but to those on whom its remembrance hath faded away, a short revision will not be unacceptable.

The Duke of *Mirandola* hath during the absence of his son, Count Guido, in the wars, married *Isidora*, the niece of a nobleman subject to the Dukedom. This lady had, in earlier days, pledged her troth to the son, Count Guido; and it was not till long after a report had been spread of his death (all communications having been purposely intercepted by the secretion of the letters which passed between the Duke and his son, through the machinations of *Isabella*, sister of *Isidora*, assisted by the monk *Geraldi*) that *Isidora* was prevailed upon to marry the Duke. Too late for the happiness of poor *Isidora*, the report is contradicted, and while the tears of his bride revive the memory of long-forgotten suspicions, in a husband jealous of her affection, the son arrives elate with love to *Isidora*, and respect to the Duke; and in a moment finds them both blasted by an event which he can excuse in neither, because ignorant of the failure of the letters which caused it. The Duke becomes acquainted that the object of his son's early affection is now his own bride; and the separate scenes between the son and *Isidora*, and between the father and son, are highly interesting and affecting. All parties at length

become reinstated, in some degree, in affection, though not reconciled to their destinies. At a banquet, however, given by the Duke, in honor of his son's arrival, at the very moment that he is expressing towards that son joy long repressed, and revived affection, all his rage against him again revives, on seeing on his finger a ring, which had been his first present to Isidora, and which had been purloined from her by her sister, Isabella, and given to the Count.

He is once more forgiven, and a beautiful scene ensues between the father and son, on the latter's demanding an audience in order to announce his determination to travel; and each of them parts with a wish that parting were not necessary.

Count Casti has meanwhile promised that Guido shall give Isidora a farewell meeting in the gardens of the Mirandola palace.

They meet; and the unfortunate pair are interrupted by the Duke, sent thither for that purpose by Isabella.

The tongue of an angel could not now persuade him that they are innocent; and after many an internal struggle of paternal feeling, he orders his son to be put to death. Isidora is in consequence borne off the stage in the arms of her attendants.

The *denouement* now fast approaches. The Duke finds out, too late, in consequence of some letters having been dropped by the monk, and found by Guido's friend Count Casti, that the young and beautiful pair are innocent; and at the very moment that he revives from the stupor in which he has fallen, and is countermanding in frenzied agitation, the execution of his son, the fatal report is heard at a distance which hurries that son to eternity.

The wretched father, like Azo in *Parisina*, has now nothing to live for; and the poignancy of his feelings soon hurry him after that being whom he hath unjustly condemned.

It will easily be perceived by those to whom the stage is in any degree familiar, that never was a story better formed for dramatic scenery and dramatic interest.—And when that story is aided by the beautiful poetry of Barry Cornwall, and its characters supported by the strength of Covent-Garden, who can have any doubt of its success?

The characters are thus cast:

<i>Duke of Mirandola,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Macready.
<i>Count Guido,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Count Casti,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Geraldi Julio,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Isidora,</i>	- - - - -	Miss Foote.
<i>Isabella,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Faucit.

Where all is so beautiful, it is difficult to say what scene, or what scenery, best merits commendation.—It is not in our power either to add to, or diminish the justly-acquired fame of Mr. Macready or Mr. C. Kemble. We can only say, we never saw them to better advantage than when portraying the different passions of the characters they represented in this play.

The scene in which C. Kemble, as Guido, elicits the confession that his father is the husband of the lady of his own love, and the passions which that confession exhibits, and the closing scene of Mr. Macready, as the Duke, are above all praise and all criticism.—We should prove ourselves insensible to loveliness, could we pass over unnoticed Miss Foote, or her performance of Isidora. She has been accused by some of being rather tame in other performances; but in this we think they would find no cause to complain of it.—In our opinion it certainly is her master-piece; and well may we say of her, in Barry Cornwall's own words.

She came amidst the lovely and the proud
Peerless; and when she moved, the gallant crowd
Divided, as th' obsequious vapours light
Divide to let the queen moon pass at night.

Mrs. Col.

Of the scenery and decorations we need say nothing; those who have made any observation on the scenery of Covent-Garden may well be able to comprehend the magnificence of this. In the banquet scene all former splendor that we have witnessed in similar scenes, was fairly outshone.

From the dramatic scenes, from the excellence of acting, from the intrinsic merit of the poetry, and from the liberality of splendor with which this play is got up, we may fairly make it a subject of congratulation to Covent-Garden in particular, and to the dramatic and poetical world in general.



Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for Feb. 1821.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint. Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Ed. Engraved by Davis & Harding. Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR FEBRUARY, 1821.

FRENCH WALKING-DRESS.

PELISSE of levantine, or reps silk, of a pale violet colour; buttoned down the front with buttons *à la grenadier*, and faced with a *rouleau* in snail-work of satin; a full trimming *bouillonné* of which runs round the bottom of the skirt; the tops of the sleeves ornamented to correspond with the other trimming. Bonnet to answer the pelisse, lined with white sarsnet, and finished at the edge with blond, *à la Vandyck*. Triple British ruff; violet kid slippers, and Norman leather gloves.

ENGLISH EVENING DRESS

OF Florence gauze, over a white slip of *gros de Naples*, or satin, trimmed with a rich border of puckered net, or gauze, with full-blown Provence roses in byas; and the border finished next the shoe, with gauze *bouillonné*. *Cor-sage*, *à la Bergere*, of pink satin, trimmed at the bust with gauze *à la Bouffont*, confined in the front by a pint satin strap. Short sleeves, composed of puckered gauze or net, with flowers in byas, to answer the border of the skirt. Bandeau of Provence roses on the hair, and the curls divided on the forehead by a double string of pearls. Pearl necklace and pear-pearl ear-rings; white satin shoes, and white kid gloves. The above elegant dresses are furnished by Miss Pierpoint, maker of the *Corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

At this season of the year, when the weather fluctuates from mild to cold, and *vice versa*, as it does continually from the latter end of January to the conclusion of February, fashion may be said to have a two-fold appearance; thus one week we see her votaries in the gay spring pelisse, and the next in the warm cachemire, trimmed with costly fur, and the delicate fingers seeking warmth in the muff of squirrel, Siberian fox, fitch, or sable.

The winter pelisses are chiefly of cachemire, of a light colour, lined with bright pink satin, and trimmed with a broad border of grey squirrel-skin; this elegant pelisse, generally of a cream-colour, is fastened down the front with pink bows, and has a high French collar. Another winter pelisse is of *gros de Naples*, and of a dark, changeable colour, approaching to the plum, but rather lighter; this is lined with white, with a broad fur at the border of the black squirrel, and is fastened with bows down the front, of a colour to suit the pelisse. Spencers, of almost every kind, and of every material, are in high favour; the colour mostly admired is Regina blue, and which is generally trimmed with swansdown, or with blue plush silk.

Black velvet bonnets for the morning lounge, are much in favour; they are lined with white satin, with a curtain edge of fine lace, and a profuse plume of black curled feathers. Swansdown is a favourite trimming on bonnets; a few beaver hats have made their appearance for the promenade, but they are by no means general; they are mostly black: but when a pelisse, or spencer, is of coloured silk, or velvet, the bonnet is usually made of the same material to correspond. The brims of the plain walking bonnets still continue very large, and the crowns low. Coloured feathers, and in profusion, are worn on black carriage hats; the favourite material for which, either in white or black, is the Lapland-iced moss.

Pearl-coloured cachemire dresses made partially high, with the top of the sleeve trimmed, *en bourrelet*, with satin, are much worn at dinner-parties; as are figured poplins of a

bright crimson, with white satin stomacher and sleeves: and *gros de Naples* dresses of lavender-grey, trimmed with swans-down, are also much in requisition for such occasions, especially when the party consists of friends and intimate acquaintance. Gowns of twilled sarsnet, trimmed round the border with *rouleaux* of the same material, set on very full, have a beautiful and novel effect; the shade formed by this manner of placing the *rouleaux* is admirable, especially when they are of satin. Merino crape, and coloured bombasins, are much worn for undress; they are finished by three narrow flounces of the same material as the dress, in small plaits.

We shall first mention in the article of head-dresses, the Catharine Parr head-dress; and which, we doubt not, though we have seen it in more than one *magazin de modes*, was taken from the engraving in our last number, and to which we refer our fair readers. It is of black, or crimson velvet, richly adorned with very large pearls; it proves how little the dames of old were given to the caprices of fashion; for it is the exact shape of one worn by Anna Boleyn, several years before. The *cornettes* for undress are made in this shape; dress toques are ornamented with gold *cordons*, and loops of the same.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Over this hallowed spot, sacred to female beauty, hover the Loves, the Graces, the Sylphs, and Sylphids, with their gossamer wings of varied hue, and led on by Taste and Fancy, they surround the modish fair, and aid her in adjusting the flowery wreath, the *bandeau* of jewels, or shew her how to wave gracefully the more majestic and lofty plume.

Whim and monstrosity will, at times, step in and usurp the place of taste and fancy; we are happy, however, to inform those British ladies who are fond of imitating foreign fashions, that from the late intelligence we have received from Paris, those frightful innovators have been driven out, as they will see in the account of the fashions now most

prevalent in the Gallic capital, and which we hasten to lay before our readers.

And first we shall introduce them to those fashionable belles, that are seen parading the

THUILLERIES, THE CHAMPS ELYSEES,

and other public walks: a new envelope is there often sported, called the Polish wrap pelisse; it is of dark blue, trimmed and ornamented with Brandenburg chain work; wrapping mantles also, of light slate-coloured, twilled sarsnet, wadded throughout, lined with rose-coloured silk, and bound round with pink satin. Black velvet spencers for the promenade are ornamented down the front of the bust, in the military style, in narrow strips of black satin. Cloth spencers with satin epaulettes are also much worn; they have a jacket, like a riding-habit, and are made with a standing-up collar.

Plush silk is the favourite material for hats, both for the carriage and for the public walks; they are generally figured, and when in checquers, this article is called quadrille plush. Full bouquets of flowers ornament these hats, and the flowers are clustered together in a half wreath on the right side, advancing half way along the front. White satin bonnets, lined with silk, the colour of the red currant, and ornamented with curled feathers, are favourite head coverings for the carriage; as are also bonnets of beautifully figured velvet, crowned by white feathers. A plain, large, black velvet bonnet is most admired for morning walks; but this serves for the carriage, when a full plume of white feathers is added to it, and a gold fringe placed at the edge, with two heavy gold tassels at each ear. A bonnet of grey checquered satin has just appeared at the morning walks on the Boulevards; it is trimmed with an enormous *rouleau* at the edge, of the same material as the bonnet, and the crown is ornamented *à l'antique*. Next in favour for these walks is a rose-coloured satin bonnet, trimmed with granite-coloured shag silk. A heavy looking bonnet appeared last week at the Thuilleries, which has nothing but its novelty to recommend it. It has the appearance of one bonnet placed over another; the under one is of pale pink plush silk; the upper one is white of the same material, and a simple full-blown

rose is placed in front. Feathers, forming a fringe, is a trimming at the edge of hats, which is much admired; these fringes are some of them so ingeniously intermingled as to form a Scotch plaid.

Female children wear pantaloons of Merino, with a short petticoat of the same, and a tunic riding-coat, trimmed with fur.

Slippers are more worn than half-boots in Paris; for walking they are generally black.

The bust of every French lady is covered in the most chaste and correct manner; the gowns for half-dress being made partially high, and the neck concealed by a fine India muslin *fichu*. The waists still continue too long to be graceful. Coloured English bombasins are much worn for morning-dresses; they are generally of a lavender-grey, ornamented at the border by bands of satin. The *corsage* is formed like a cuirass, and the cross-plaitings are confined by horizontal stripes of satin. These dresses are worn on a mild morning with no other covering than a pelerine; a ridicule of yellow morocco leather, in the form of a large scallop shell, completes this simple dress. Cachemire and Merino crape are favourite articles for half-dress; but this is now the season for dancing, and fancy seems chiefly employed on ball-dresses; on these, gauze *bouillonné* seems to have taken the place of flowers, on which are placed zig-zag *rouleaux* of satin; generally of pink, but sometimes of pale-blue. Another trimming for ball-dresses consists of pearls formed into ears of corn; they are grouped with bouquets of roses; and of these there are two rows round the border; the top of the sleeve is ornamented with a wreath of smaller roses; from whence are seen peeping out ears of corn in pearls, some ascending, others drooping. Some ball-dresses are trimmed at the border with two rows of full *chevaux-de-fris*, very distinct from each other, and of a very bright or dark colour on white gauze.

A dress-ridicule has been lately sported, and much admired for its costliness and elegance; it is made entirely of small beads of cut crystal; at the bottom is a looking-glass on the inside, which shuts up by a sliding cover of vermillion.

Dress toques are finished in gold in spiral ornaments, and dress hats are adorned with plumes of ostrich feathers of a bright pink; when the dress-hat is of black velvet, it is ornamented with beads of polished steel. Black velvet and white satin toques still prevail, with a few of rose-colour; and marabout feathers are in high favour. One lady has been seen at a party with a hat that had a front like a helmet, and a crown of the same warlike appearance; but the brim is slightly turned up on each side. A plume of very long white heron's feathers, standing almost erect, shaded this hat which was of black velvet; she had a lady with her, who had a hat of the same form, but it was of violet colour, adorned with gold lace, and fastened under the chin with a gold strap; the hatband was finished with gold twist and oakleaves in gold. Ball head-dresses consist of a sprig of diamonds, with the hair beautifully braided, *à l'Angloise*, and a wreath of flowers, the flowers very much separated from each other, especially in front, is a favorite head-dress for the ball-room.

The predominant colours now in use are—pink, grey, lavender, violet, and red currant.

Coral seems preferred to other articles in jewellery, with coloured beads set *à l'antique*.

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE LADY'S CHOICE; OR, THE FEMALE CASTLE-BUILDER.

By T. B. G.

(Concluded from page 78.)

FROM morn to noon, from noon to night,
Employment sweet beguiles the day,
Now music yields its soft delight—
Now read aloud some tuneful lay—
And now she views her bosom's lord
Delighted at his decent board ;
Now, "nothing loath,"
She hears for both
The widow and the orphan pray.

Fall oft within her social home
Her brother's gladdening voice she hears ;
With him she sees her parents come,
With eyes that beam through happy tears :
Now as they meet her fond embrace,
Joy lights her every sisters' face,
And oft with these
Entranc'd she sees
All friends belov'd from infant years.

But, ah ! what group in green alcove
Now moves her rising blush and smile ?
Two cherubs, fruit of faithful love,
With play the summer noon beguil ;

Their smiling father too she sees;
Her rosy girl has climb'd his knees,
While near him stands,
With lifted hands,
Her boy, with many a prank and wile.

Sedately at her soft command,
Beside her now the cherubs sit;
She sees with pride their minds expand,
She hears with joy their infant wit,
And now she sees the endearing pair
Lift up their little hands in pray'r—
And now away,
Again in play,
Across the nursery floor they flit.

As thus with joy, beside the stream,
The maid was pacing to and fro,
Awaken'd from her blissful dream,
She heard her aunt's shrill voice of woe—
Of linnet starv'd, of cat unfed,
Full many an angry word it said,
And far away,
The cherubs gay,
And house, and gentle husband go.

Poor Mary, does thy aunt's reproof
Destroy these glorious scenes of air?
Does reason sternly rend the woof,
Where fancy weaves her web so fair?
Ah! think if no annoy should wake thee,
Till reason slighted long forsake thee—
A dream of earth,
Has pleasant birth,
But never blissful end was there.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER TO DIANA.

~~~~~  
ATTRIBUTED TO LADY ELEANOR BUTLER, ONE OF THE LADIES OF  
LLANGOLLYN.  
~~~~~

SINCE thou and the stars, my dear Goddess, decree
That old maid as I am, an old maid I must be,
Oh! hear the petition I offer to thee;
For to bear it must be my endeavour.
From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
Till not one that I lov'd in my youth can be found;
From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the scorn of the young and the flouts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away
By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say—
Or a spirit to laugh at them, give her.
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
From finical niceness, or slatternly dirt,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From over solicitous guarding of pelf,
From humour uncheck'd, that most obstinate elf,
From every unsocial attention to self,
Or ridiculous whim whatsoever—
From the vapourish freaks, or methodistical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
From impertinent meddling in other's affairs,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the erring attachment of desolate souls,
From the love of Spadille, or of Metador voles,
Or of lap-dogs, or parrots. and monkeys, and owls,
Be they ne'er so uncommon or clever;
But chief from the love with all loveliness flown,
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,
Oh! Dian, thy servant deliver!

We have been favoured with the above through the kindness of Miss A. M. Porter, and shall feel extremely happy in inserting similar pieces of merit thus attributed to different persons, from any of our correspondents.

From spleen at beholding the young more caress'd,
 From pettish asperity tartly express'd,
 From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,
 From all, thy true servant deliver!
 Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot,
 Let her sing if at ease, and be patient if not,
 Be pleas'd if remember'd, content if forgot,
 Till the Fates her slight thread shall dissever!

REFLECTIONS

BY THE SIDE OF A DEAR FRIEND.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Yon summer morn, how fair to see,
 Through fleecy cloud and bow'ry tree,
 Checqu'ring my shaded path with light,
 In this soft hour of stillest night!

And, oh! how sweet to mark her ray
 Around my Charlotte's figure play,
 Spreading her lovelier face with light,
 In this soft hour of stillest night!

But, ah! to think that moon will smile
 When many a heart is sad the while,
 Pursuing still her tranquil way,
 When they are gone, who lov'd her ray!

Yes! she will shine through years to come,
 When Charlotte's mould'ring in the tomb,
 And shine as brightly where she lies,
 As now upon her lovely eyes!

THE TRAVELLER AND THE IGNIS-FATUUS.

With thrifty and uncourtly gait,
 A weary trav'ller journey'd late,
 And toil'd amid the evening shade,
 Through many a wild and thorny glade;

The village chime of Vesper peal,
No longer rous'd the busy wheel,
Which all day long, with drowsy hum,
Seem'd music to the old-wife's thumb;
The rook had swept the steeple's height,
And bade the fallow "fair good night;"
The hare now quiet couch'd along,
Nor fear'd the farmer's worn-out song,
Nor longer o'er the dewy mead,
Was heard the shepherd's surly tread,
The mossy heath, the far blue hill,
And all, save hope, grew dark and still.

With placid brow, and civil tongue,
Ev'n thus our hero saunter'd on;
No wanton strain, no lady gay,
Nor moon to cheer his lonely way,
But walk'd as poets can't express,
And what was worse, he walk'd by guess.

An Ignis-fatuus flitting by,
Swift danc'd athwart his drooping eye,
Boding no good, with wild essay,
It 'gins to mock the candle's ray,
And lightly o'er the swampy ground,
Moves as a watchman beats his round;
First formal, then more friendly grew,
Yet seeming far more fair than true.
The homespun wight his ill-found guest
Pursued, nor dream'd 'twas meant in jest;
Missing the track, he lab'ring feels
The dank clod gathering at his heels,
And ever, as he onward bent,
More doubtful grew the way he went.
Still on the wary phantom flies,
Nor seems to list his earnest cries,
"God speed you!" and "what neighbour, ho!
Where lays the road—how far d'ye go?"
But waning glides through filth and fog,
And lights upon a smooth green bog;
Our friend—*sang-froid*—soon greets him there,
Quite cool, yet far from debonaire.
He pauses, calls, he rubs his pate,
He sneezes, swears, but all's too late.

Yet ere the fay bade kind adieu,
He left him thus a hint or two :—
“ Those who on things of chance rely,
Too oft choose doubt for certainty;
Had you, Sir Knight, but paus'd awhile,
You ne'er had known my fatal guile,
For many a head less shrewd than thine,
Has baffled this wild freak of mine :
But men there be whose fancy drives
Their flimsy hopes beyond their lives,
And each pursues some sunny beam,
A shade like me—a summer's dream;
Some lucrous craft may tempt the mind
To leave the surer path behind,
She careless fleets through mazes vast,
To founder in a bog at last.”
Thus spoke the quaint, good-temper'd sprite,
And vanish'd into thickest night.

December 5th, 1820.

J. S. D.

FROM METASTASIO.

SWEET maid! farewell! if haply here
A gentle Zephyr chance to stray,
Whose balmy breath, still hovering near,
Delights around thy form to play,
Let mild compassion fill thy breast,
Let one soft tear bedew thy eye,
I then, dear maid, shall be rest—
That breeze will be my farewell sigh!
Of all my woes this precious tear
My sole, my rich reward shall be;
My happy spirit ling'ring near
Shall bless the hour I died for thee.

FROM THE SAME.

Ye Zephyrs! that on downy wing
With balmy breath perfume the air,
Ye blushing buds! that greet the spring,
In pity hear Irene's prayer.

Each gentle breeze that swells the gale,
Each bud that blossoms in the vale,
Bids pangs of sorrow fill my heart,
Tells me my love must soon depart.

TO A SWALLOW,

ON RELEASING IT FROM SOME LIME-TWIGS IN THE MONTH OF
MAY, 1811.

Oh! cease thy flutterings, calm thy troubled breast,
No ruffian hand thy glossy plumage tears,
Pity shall soon restore thee to thy nest,
And end in raptures all thy anxious fears.

Happy am I that fate my footsteps led
To loose thy fetters and to set thee free,
Else should thy young ones never more be fed,
Nor thou again behold sweet liberty.

Oh! had the flinty-hearted school-boy's hand,
That framed these bonds, securely bound thy chain,
No more would'st thou have skimmed the fallow land,
The glassy stream, the lawn, or flowery plain.

Thy offspring, that may now for years to come,
With twittering notes, awake me in the morn,
Would in the orphan'd nest have found their doom,
Before the air their feeble wings had borne.

Now speed thy flight—the voice of freedom calls—
Freedom! the primal right of all below,
Though man full oft his fellow man enthralls,
And fills his days with wretchedness and woe.

Haply, as rolling years their course pursue,
I may, like thee, reverse of fortune find,
Then for that liberty I now renew,
Some powerful hand may prove to me as kind.

The above is the composition of a private in the Royal Sherwood Foresters, who is about to publish a volume of Poems by Subscription, dedicated by permission to Her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle—Subscription 7s. received by Sherwood, Neely and Jones, Paternoster-Row. We earnestly recommend this poet of nature to the notice of a liberal Public as a person every way deserving of encouragement and patronage.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

"Past twelve!" the WATCHMAN hoarsely cried;
 It instantaneously occurred,
 What, had before my skill defied,
 The answer to JEPHOOR's charade.

January 8th, 1821.

R. B—.

Marriages.

Mr. R. Cooper to Miss M. A. Poole. Mr. F. Forbes to Miss Harriet Watson. Mr. Thomas Bennet to Miss Susanna C. Watson. Mr. Horwell to Miss Harriet Stone. James Smith, Esq. to Miss Eliza Edgely. Mr. J. Hornby to Miss Eliza Baldwin. Rev. R. Davis, B. D. to Miss Elizabeth Mercer. Wm. King, M. D. to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hooker. Algernon Sidney Peaks, M. D. to Miss Holman. Joshua Henry Mackenzie, Esq. to the Hon. Helen Anne Mackenzie. John Reid, M. D. to Miss Elizabeth Jesser. The Hon. Edward Cust, M. P. to Miss M. A. Roode. Major General Robert Douglass to Miss Mary Packer. Frederic Green, Esq. to the Hon. Mrs. Sloane. R. Aubrey Esq. to Miss Frances Lewis. Mr. James Cazenove to Miss Susan Knapp. James Saunderson, Esq. to Miss Selina Foxley, niece to the Earl of Farnham. Edward Holroyd, Esq. to Miss Caroline Peysley.

Deaths.

Lady Mary Throckmorton, widow of Sir J. Throckmorton, Bart. Mrs. Villiers, aged 86 years. Major Henry Bellingham, nephew of Sir Wm. Bellingham, Bart. Alexander Wright, Esq. Mrs. Peers. Laura Lys. Lieutenant Benjamin Stow. Mr. John Wood, aged 51. Mrs. Cunningham Grey. John Wolley, Esq. Rev. Thomas William Barlow. Mr. Thomas Porters, aged 34. Mr. Lewis Fraser. Mrs. Mary Miller, aged 76. Mrs. Mary Clarke.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received the communications of W. W.—A. H.—R. B.—Character of Charles Easy—Essay of Elizabeth—of Hannah—The Shipwreck—Love and Falsehood—My Nephew's Sketch Book—Charade—Lysander—Highgate Hill—Sonnet—Sketch by Moonlight.

"Anecdote," by D. W. shall be inserted the first opportunity.

We return C—n his communications, which we are sorry to say, are of no use to us.

We are particularly requested by R. B—p to state the following Query—"Wherein consists the difference between History and Biography, taken in a general sense?"

We have received a very pleasing composition entitled—"Sorrow has the soothing tear," the words by Miss Mary Leman Rede, arranged by J. Wilkins. We are not in the habit of noticing music, but we can recommend this to the notice of our fair and musical readers.

March

1874



Painted by Romney.

Engraved by Woolneth.

Miss Anna Seward.

Feb. March 21, 1811, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.